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LONDON'S  
Annual Triumph:

PERFORMED

On THURSDAY, OCTOB. 29. 1685.

For the Entertainment of the Right Honourable

SIR ROBERT JEFFREYS, Kt.

LORD MAYOR of the City of

LONDON.

WITH

A Description of the several Pageants, Speeches, and  
Songs, made proper for the Occasion.

All set forth at the proper Costs and Charges of the  
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF

IRON-MONGERS.

*First Edition.*

Composed by MATT. TAUBMAN.

*Durius ultima ferrum.* Ovid. Metam. Lib. 1.

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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
SIR ROBERT JEFFREYS, Knight,  
Lord Mayor  
Of the CITY of  
LONDON.

MY LORD,

**Y**Our singular worth and exemplary Loyalty joyning hand with your Right of Succession, hath Entitled you to the Triumphs of this Day; and to my mean Endeavours towards the preparation. I will not in a shallow Preface launce out into the boundless Ocean of your Praise, that being a Task for the most Celebrated Pen. It is sufficient you have had the Choice and Approbation of the

most Judicious and most Discerning Prince in the World, to abuse Royal Favours your Eminent Merits have most justly prefer'd you. 'Tis He who in the first year of His Reign hath made you His Vicegerent in His Imperial Gift, to bear that Sword of Justice which is His own Immediate Right and Title. Who Rocks place the Iron-Age the last, it had certainly a Being, and was of use before Silver or Gold had a value among the Ancients. To Calculate the Original Founders, we must go further than Tubal-Cain; Nor is it probable the first Cain could build such a vast City without Materials and Instruments, proper for so great a Design, in opening the Quarries, and diving into the stony Bowels of the Earth.

As the Mystery of Iron-Working is most ancient, so is it most useful to the State, and most profitable to the Merchant and Artificer. Iron, for the universality of its use, may be call'd the Efficient Matter of all other Mysteries, being either an Ingredient, or necessary



cessary Instrument in all Arts and Professions. Take away the use of Iron, all Trading must cease : Thus the Butcher cannot subsist without his Knife ; nor the Taylor without his Needle : The Carpenter must have his Axe, and the Joiner his Plane : The Cook his Cleaver : The Smith his Hammer : The Country-man his Plough : The Nobleman his Chariot : The Souldier his Sword : And the Prince his Helmet. It is the Asylum and Safeguard of a Nation in the prudent management of the Sword of Justice committed to your Trust, to keep the Subject in Peace and Tranquility during your Government ; Which that it may be to your present Content , and future Satisfaction, is the Wishes of

MY LORD,

Your Lordships most obedient, and  
Most devoted humble Servant,

M. Taubman.

My Lord,  
 Most devoted humble servant,  
 Your Lordship's most obedient and  
 humble servant,  
 M. T. Anderson.

My Lord,  
 I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
 Your Lordship's most obedient and  
 humble servant,  
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TO THE  
WORSHIPFUL COMPANY

IRON-MONGERS.

GENTLEMEN,

**W**hen Virtue meets with Reward and Encouragement it strives to excell. Rome never had more worthy Generals than when they were honoured with Triumphs; nor Greece more stout and valiant Souldiers than when they were recompenc'd with the Esteem and Applause of Men, and with Crowns of Victory. The Triumphs of this day is not the least useful and profitable Institution begetting a noble Emulation in the Hearts of the most Loyal and Eminent Citizens. That I am become a mean Instrument in the contributing to the design'd Solemnity of this Day, requires my grateful Acknowledgment for your generous and unanimous Election of me. If I have fall'n short in the discharge of my Duty, and your Expectations, I humbly implore your Pardon, and favourable Constructions of my humble Endeavours, ~~it being the first Attempt in this kind,~~ besides the shortness of time, and no President for more than  
fifty

~~Fifty Years of any such Equipage or Pageantry. Gentlemen,~~  
~~Your favourable Acceptance of this will be an Encouragement~~  
~~in the next, with more early Care and mature Diligence, to~~  
~~approve myself,~~

Your most obsequious

Humble Servant,

M. Taubman.

# LONDON'S Annual Triumph.

**M**ost worthily, and with pertinent Allusion this Epithire of *LONDON'S Triumph* is, appropriated to the Solemnities of this Illustrious day, which for the Antiquity of its Institution, the Grandeur of the Preparations, the Splendor of the Pageantry, and Magnificence of the Entertainment may properly be said to triumph above all the Cities in the Universe. It is a Liberal, and Unanimous Assembly of all the Chiefs of the Imperial City of the most flourishing Kingdom in the World, often adorn'd with the Presence of the King, Queen, Princes and Nobility of the Court, His Grace the Archbishop of *Canterbury* and *York*, and chief Prelates of the Church, the principal Ministers of State, and Officers of His Majesties Household. The Judges, and chief Magistrates of the Kingdom. All foreign Ministers, Embassadors, Envoys, Residents, who having observ'd the Tables of the most puissant Princes, and seen the most hospitable preparations of foreign Nations, rest here amazed, as the *Ne Plus Ultra* of all their Admiration.

Before we aspire to the Magnificence of the Pageantry, we must not omit the Stateliness of the Morning Procession, where the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor like *Diana* in her brightest lustre, surrounded in a Firmament of starry Deities, disperses the Influence of his radiant Beams, and exercises his double Sovereignty both by Land and Water, of which in their proper order.

## The Order of the Morning Procession.

**T**he most Loyal and most Eminent Citizens selected for the Order of this Days *Triumph*; as I find by the Dictates of ancient Form and Custom assemble together at Seven of the Clock in the Morning, at *Iron-Mongers Hall*. Where



I. Threescore poor Men in Gowns and Caps march in the Front, each of them employ'd in bearing a Standard or a Banner.

II. Fifty Gentlemen-Ushers in Velvet Coats follow next, each of them in a Chain of Gold about his Shoulders, and in his right hand a white staffe.

III. A numerous Train of ~~Budg~~-Batchelors, invested in Gowns and scarlet Hoods.

IV. The Batchelors in Gowns faced with Foins, and their Hoods.

V. The Livery in their Gowns faced with Budg, and their Hoods.

VI. The Master, Wardens, and Assistance of the severall Companies, in Gowns faced with Foins, and their Hoods.

VII. Twelve more Gentlemen for bearing Banners and Colours, some in Plush Coats, and some in Buffe, with Scarffs about their Shoulders of the Companies Colours.

VIII. Thirty six Trumpets. The Serjeant Trumpet with a Searf of His Lordships Colours about his Wasse, and a Leading-Staffe in his hand.

IX. Fourteen Drums. The Drum Major with a Crimson Scarf about his Wasse, his Leading-Staffe in his hand, and Three Fifes with Banners.

X. Divers Drums and Fifes with red and white Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company.

XI. The two City Marshals on Horseback, with six Servants to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Company.

XII. The Foot-Marshal, and six Attendahts, with the like Scarfs and Colours.

XIII. The Master of Defence, with Scarf and Colours of the same, having Persons of the same Noble Science to attend him.

XIV. Divers other Pensioners invested in Red Gowns, White Sleeves, and flat white Caps, each of them carrying a Javelin in one hand, and a Target in the other; wherein is painted the Arms of the first Founders and Benefactors of the Company.

Being in this Order

The Foot-Marshal ranks them out two by two, begining with the Pensioners in Gowns, and in the Front of them placeth the Companies Ensigns, Four Drums, and one Fife. In the Rear of them fall in the severall other Pensioners in Coats bearing severall Banners and Standards. After them six Trumpets, After them the Arms and Crest of the Worshipful Company of *Iron-Mongers*, and six Gentlemen-Ushers;  
and

and after them follow the Budg-Batchellors; who conclude this Division.

In the Rear of those fall six Trumpets; after them two Gentlemen bearing two Banners, the one of the Cities, the other of the Companies after them follow two Gentlemen-Ushers, and after them the Foin Batchellors, who conclude this Division.

The next to these fall in the King's Drum-Major, and four other of the King's Drums and Fifes; after them two Gentlemen-Usher bearing two Banners, the one of the Companies, the other of the Cities; after them ten Gentlemen-Ushers habited as before; and after that the Livery, which brings up that Division.

In the Rear of them fall others of the City-Trumpets; after them two Gentlemen bearing the Banners of the City and the Lord Mayor these are succeeded by twelve Gentlemen-Ushers equiped and appointed as before; and after them the Court of Assistants puts a Period to that Division.

In the Rear of them falls the Serjeant-Trumpet, with sixteen other of the King's Trumpets and Kettle-Drums; after them three other Gentlemen, bearing the King's, the Prince of Denmark's, and St. George's Banner, attended by fourteen Gentlemen-Ushers who are appointed for Pages; and after them the Master and Wardens; which terminate the first and chiefeft Division.

Being placed in this Order, they march from the place of Meeting to *Grocers-Hall*, till such time as his Lordship and his Brethren the Aldermen are mounted.

Which being done, the whole Body move towards *Guild-Hall*, where the Lord Mayor elect, with his new Equipage, joyns with the old Lord Mayor and his Retinue, marching all of them thorough *King-street* and *Cheapside*, down to the *Three-Crane Wharf*, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and their Attendants, take Barge. The whole Company of the *Iron-Mongers* do likewise embarge, whilst the Residue, the Gentlemen-Ushers, &c. stay behind.

His Lordship, the Aldermen, and Company of *Iron-mongers*, with some other Companies, landing at *Westminster*, have a Lane made from *King's-Bridge* thorough which they pass through *Westminster-Hall*, where having taken the accustom'd Oaths, to be true and faithful to his Majesty, and Government as by Law established, before the Lords and Barons of the Exchequer, they return to their Barge, a Lane being made as before, to the Water-side: which Passage by Water (the

Black Barges cattering with the most harmonious Wind-Musick, Flutes, Hoboys, and Trumpets, adorn'd with Streamers, Flags, and Banners of their respective Companies; is not the least Addition to the lustre of this Day; besides being saluted by his Majesty from White-hall, coming and going with several Shots from the Pleasure-Boats which for that Purpose are plying all the way upon the River, and at Black-Fryers-stairs, where they are saluted with three Volleys by the famous Artillery Company, all adorn'd in their martial Ornaments, in Buff and shining Head-pieces, many whereof are massy silver. From Black-Fryers they march before my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, from Cheap-side to Guild-Hall. The Pensioners and Banners being set in order, the Foot-Marshal in the Rear of the Artillery-Company leads the way through Ludgate-hill into St. Paul's Church-yard, and so into Cheap-side; where his Lordship is entertained by the first Scene, or Pageant.

### Description of the first Pageant.

A lofty exalted Imperial Pyramid, adorned with several Banners of the several Kings, the Lord Mayors, and Companies; with the memorable King Edward the Fourth, the principle Founder, on the top of which, is a golden Ball, with the Crest of the Worshipful the Company of Drapers; on the Pedestal of which, is planted VICTORY in a triumphal Posture, with her inseparable Attributes, *Glory, Dominion, Conquest*; and at the Basis of the said magnificent Structure are placed four beautiful Virgins, as consequent Attendants on the former, *Triumph, Honour, Peace, Plenty*.

VICTORY, a Goddess of a divine Princely Presence, clad all over in a Coat of Mail of shining Gold; on a bright cur'd Tourse a Wreath of Laurel, with a Plume of Feathers, white, blew, and red; in the one hand she beareth a bright iron Sword, and in the other a Banner of the Kings, with this Inscription, *Vici Ferro*.

PROSPERITY, a beautiful Lady, attir'd in a yellow Robe, over which is a fable Mantle fring'd with Gold; and feeded with waking eyes, her Hair ty'd behind, with a Chaplet of Ivy on her Head; in her right hand a Lamp, in her left hand a Bell.

COURAGE, a Person of an heroick bold Visage, with a black Berake ty'd in a silken Bag behind, a black velvet Cap with a Plume of blue

blue and white Feathers, an embroider'd Belt, and a white and blue colour'd Scarf about his Waist; in his left hand holding a Lance tip'd with Iron, and in his right a Standard purchas'd in the Field.

**CONDUCT**, an experienc'd old General, in Armour, a Coat of Male seed'd with Stars; in the one hand a golden Truncheon, in the other a Shield, or Target Table, of Iron, charged with the Peacock's Tail display'd.

The Graces attending on these herock Vertues, are;

**TRIUMPH**, a comely majestick Person with a cheerful Look, in a Cloth-of-silver Robe, a purple-Scarf fring'd with Gold, and wrought with Trophies of Canons, Drums, and Ensigns, an Imperial Triple-Crown upon a Peruke of long fair Hair: In her left hand she holds an Ensign with this Inscription, *PERVI GRADUS*, and in the other hand a Banner of the Kings, with this Motto, *PRIMUM AD RE*.

**HONOUR**, in a purple Robe powder'd with Stas of Gold, a scarlet Mantle fring'd with Gold, curl'd black Hair, on it a Royal Diadem, bearing a Banner of the Kings.

**PEACE**, in an olive-green Sarnet Robe remind with silver Stars, a Carnation Mantle fring'd with Gold, bright brown Hair, a Chaplet of Hearts-ease, yellow Buskins laced with purple and silver Ribbon, in one hand a Palm-tree or Branch of Ivy extended, in the other a Banner of the Companies.

**PLENTY**, in a Vest of Gold and Silver upon Roman Bases of Carnation richly adorn'd with silver and gold Pringe, a green silk and silver Mantle, purple Buskins laced up with Gold, on her Head a black curl'd Toure, about which is a Wreath of Fruits, leaves, and flowers; in one hand a *Cornucopia*, in the other a small Bar of Iron supported by the Load-stone.

In the Front of this Pageant is a golden Estridge, of a vast prodigious size, holding a Horse-shoe in his Beak; upon the Back of which, is placed a comely Youth of a ruddy fair Complexion, sounding a Trumpet.

His Lordship having made a stop, taking a view of the several Figures, Victory steps forth, and with a majestick Cartche addresses his Lordship on this manner:

The



## The first Speech, spoken by VICTORY.

**F**rom heaps of vanquish'd Victims, overcome  
 With warlike Ir'n, I bring you Conquest home,  
 With Courage arm'd, with happy Conduct crown'd,  
 And Vigilance that does with Eyes abound,  
 I VICTORY, the first-fruits Offering bring,  
 Honour to you, and Triumph to the King,  
 To shine like Gods in your illustrious Spear,  
 And rule with Peace and Plenty all the Year.  
 These are the Graces that adorn my Throne,  
 That guard the Guild, and do support the Crown,  
 That does your Town with stronger Walls environ,  
 The great Palladium of victorious Iron;  
 And shall reduce a factions Land to Peace  
 When Clemency and Mercy cease to please.  
 When Ir'n met Ir'n, and Steel did Steel oppose,  
 This was the Engine that subdu'd your Foes.  
 He who no Pow'r wou'd own to stoop to it,  
 Decreed by Fate, must to this Pow'r submit.  
 Against cold Ir'n no Armour can prevail,  
 There's no Resistance in a Coat of Mail.  
 This is the Hero that has done the Work,  
 And shall in time, we hope, subdue the Turk.

## The Second Pageant.

**I**s a spacious Sea Chariot, of Cerulean green, the Chariot-Wheels varnish'd and sprinkled with the Froth of the Sea. In this Chariot, elevated above the rest, sit Neptune and Amphitrite, with four other Sea-Gods and Goddesses at each corner of the Stage, Proteus and Glauco, Theris and Galatea, in their several Portraitsures.

NEPTUNE is depainted with several Countenances; sometimes with a mild and pleasant, other times with a lowering and sad Countenance, to distinguish the various Flux and Reflux, ebbing and flowing of the Sea, naked, holding in his hand a Trident of polish'd Iron, standing

up-



upright in the Cavity of a great Sea-shell, drawn by two Tritons with the Faces of Men, which from the middle downward have the proportion and shape of Fishes.

*AMPHITRITE*, in a thin Veil, of a Cerulian or blewish Colour, with long Hair hanging down over her shoulders, of a very sad and darkish Colour, holding in her Arms a Globe, which is the Emblem of the Sea incircling the Earth.

*PROTEUS*, in a long Robe of changeable Sarfnet, with blue and green Purple, and red spots for Flowers; in one hand holding a Camellion, in the other a Banner of the Companies.

*GLAUCUS*, in a long white Beard and Hair, soft and dropping about his shoulders, his Eyes green and glittering, his Brows full of Wrinkles and green spots, his Breast all over-grown with greenish sea-wood, or Moss, his Belly, and from thence downwards, fish-like, full of Fins and Scales.

*THETIS*, a Lady of a brown Complexion, her Hair scatter'd about her Shoulders, crown'd with a Coronet of Periwinkle and Escollop Shells, in a Mantle of sea-green, with Chains and Bracelets of Amber about her Neck and Arms, and a Branch of red Coral in her hand.

*GALATEA*, a most beautiful young Virgin, her Hair carelessly falling about her Shoulders like silver Threads, and at each Ear a fair Pearl, with a double string of them about her Neck, and left Arm; a Mantle of pure thin and fine White, bearing in her Lap a Compass representing the Virtues of the Steel, Iron, and Load-stone; and in her hand a Sponge made of sea-froth.

### The Third Pageant

**I**S a triumphal Arch of Loyalty; upon the top of which, is exalted *FAME* with her Wings display'd, seeming to proffer a Flight, and to mount from the Earth, and rove abroad. Her Garments all over embroidered with Eyes, Ears, and Tongues, blowing a Trumpet. In the four Arches are placed three Figures, and a Speaker, which is *LOYALTY*, the three appurtenant Figures, *TRUTH*, *UNION*, *CONCORD*.

*LOYALTY* In a Purple Robe semind'd with stars of Gold, a Golden Scarf crosses from the right shoulder to the left side; Scarlet colour'd silk Hose; Silver Buskins laced and surled with sky colour and gold

gold Ribbon; on long cur'd bright brown Perage; and on her shining  
Coronet of golden hearts. She beareth in her left hand on a shield Gules;  
the Rose and Crown and with this Motto, *Jacobus Imperator regni has no*

**TRUTH** in a white Saricenet Robe; a Cloath of Silver Mantle,  
with fair cur'd flaxen hair; a garland of white Lillyes, white silk Hose;  
white Buskins, laced with silver Ribbon. In one hand a Sword of poli-  
shed Iron illustrated with stars, (with which she chaſeth away Er-  
rors) in the other hand a Banner of my Lord Mayors.

**UNION** In a Robe of green Saricenet sprinkled with divers Annu-  
lets of gold. A chain of gold thrice double about her neck; her legs and  
feet beautified with Buskins of gold furred with watched silk and silver  
ribbon. A wreath of green Laurel (about a long cur'd Perage of bright  
hair) on her head. Bearing in one hand an Escutcheon charged with  
a Triangle within a Circle &c. In the other hand a Banner of the  
Companies.

**CONCORD**. A fair Virgin in a scarlet colour'd Robe, a sky-  
colour'd and gold scarf, fair bright hair, and about her head a garland  
of white and red Roses, representing the Concord and Union of King  
and People, the Court and City; white Buskins laced with watched  
and gold Ribbon. In her left hand a shining shield of polished Iron,  
charged with a Grove of Myrtles; for such is the nature and harmoni-  
ous Concord of those Trees, that although they be planted a good space  
one from another, they will meet and one embrace the other.

In the Front of this Scene is a Sea-Lyon fish from the middle down-  
wards, on the back of which is placed a young Black; with four little  
Tritons, one at each corner of the Stage.

### The second Speech, by **LOYALTY**.

**P**raise me, (Sir) Into your Arms I fly  
The Patron of Rejected Loyalty;  
Within whose Loyal Heart our Phoenix Nests,  
Who suck'd your first Allegiance from these Breasts.  
Banish'd with fair Astraea in a Cloud  
By Violence of the ungrateful Crowd;  
To shine like her in a severer sky,  
A Constellation to your Heaven I fly,  
With **UNION, TRUTH, and CONCORD**, to maintain  
That Sovereignty which lower Orbs profane.

T. mat

'Twas here (My Lord) I found a second Birth,  
 When Loyalty was banish'd from the Earth;  
 Whom Loyal Senators did Re-install,  
 And made me sit Triumphant in the GUILD-HALL.  
 Advancing now the Power of my Command,  
 There's not a Foe that dare that Pow'r withstand:  
 Nay, such is the late fondness of the Town,  
 That every one wou'd court me for his own.  
 But to avoid Pretenders, in your Brest  
 This Halcyon more securely makes her Nest:  
 Wishing that happy peace within your Reign,  
 Which only Loyalty can best maintain.

### The fourth Pageant.

**A**Tna, or the wonderful Sicilian Mountain, upon the top casting forth Sulphurous Matter, Fire, and Smoak: At the one end whereof is *Vulcan* with a Hammer in his hand beating upon an Anvil, and three *Cyclops* at another Anvil with three great Hammers answering him Methodically in a Song.

**BRONTES, STEROPES, and PYRACMON**, forging and framing of Thunderbolts for *Jove*, and Heads of Arrows for *Cupid*. At the other end is *Polypheme* with three other *Cyclops* hard at work in a Minoral. *Phypheme* with a Crow of Iron breaking the Rocks, another with an Iron Bar, a third with a Pick-axe, the fourth with a Shovel or Spade digging, and throwing up Iron Mine and Ore of Tin and Copper. *Apollo* playing upon a Pipe with two *Cupids*, one at each Arm, with two small Hammers in their hands, beating time upon a Dulcimer of Iron-Bars. Whilst *Vulcan* and the other *Cyclops* are at their Forges with a Flute and Music of Keys, Tongs, Fireforks, and the like proper Instruments keeping the same Harmony at the other end.

**KULCAN.** In a Scarlet Robe studded with spangles OR; or Sparks of flaming fire: Lame of one Leg, a black and swarthy Complexion; his Face smoaking red, burnt Locks over which a Helmet of polish'd Iron, with the *Phoenix* rising out of her own flames for the Crest. Scarlet Buskins spangled over with spots of Gold, and Sable. In his hand a Hammer beating time upon an Anvil.

**BRONTES.** In a flesh-colour'd close bodied Wastecoa, supposed to be naked, of a tawny and brown hue, with Drawers and  
 Buskins.

[ 10 ]

Buskins of the same, straight and close to the skin; with a black Leather Apron *Roman Scallop*, hanging down before; a swarthy and black Complexion, one great eye in the middle of the fore-head; with a Peruge of black sing'd hair, over which is an Iron Helmet, upon the top of which is mounted a *Salamander* in the flames.

**STEROPES.** In a close Wastecoat, Buskins, and Drawers as the former, with a black Leather Apron sem'd with sparks of Fire, black Hair thrust up under his Helmet, which bears a *Salamander* as the former.

**PYRACMON.** In a Wastecoat, Buskins, and Drawers of the same, sem'd thick with sparkles and spots of fire. One eye in the middle of his fore-head fiery, red, and sparkling, with a yellow burnt Peruge short and friz'd under an Iron Helmet, bearing a *Salamander* on the top in the midst of incircling flames as his two Brethren before accouter'd.

**POLYPHEME.** A Giant of a large size, one great Eye in the middle of his Fore-head, in a Robe of deep Carnation, discolour'd with the several Minerals of the Earth; standing at the entrance of the Cave with a Crow of Iron in his hand to break the Rocks that hinder the access to the Mines, and a Sword in the other to prevent all others, but the Right Worshipful the Company of *Iron-Mongers* (whose peculiar Prerogatives it is) to enter.

The other three *Cyclops* in these Robes, supposed to be naked as the former, saving that instead of fiery and light spangles, they are stain'd with the Ore of Iron, Tin, Copper, and the Tincture of the Earthen Minerals. Buskins of Iron plated with Tin, and laced with Copper, digging and throwing up the Minerals of Iron and Copper, whilst *Apollo* descends to make them Music with his harmonious Pipe.

**APOLLO.** A young Man in a Robe of the Sun-beams, polished with Gold, holding in his left hand a Thunder-bolt, and in his right hand a Scepter (which signifies Government;) on the top of which is dexterously engraven an Eye, which signifies the Power that oversees and beholds all things.

The two *Cupid's* dressed in Wings, with the Bows and Quivers by their Wastes, beating time to *Apollo's* Pipe, *Vulcan* hops out of his Cave, and with all humble Reverence addresses himself to his Lordship in the last Speech.

The



The third Speech, by *KILCAN.*

**H**ere Sir, in Iron Mines of sulphurous Earth,  
Where Smoak and fiery Vapours take their Birth,

We forge out Thunder-bolts for infernal Love,

And Heads of Arrows for the God of Love;

With Lightning Flames to pierce the stubborn Heart,

Or win the Loyal with a golden Dart:

Lame Vulcan's and the swarthy Cyclop's Trust,

The ill man's Terror, the Reward o'th' Just;

Teaching you such to take to your Embrace,

And curb with Steel the God-contemning Race.

Semiramis may boast her golden Towers,

Carthage her Brick, and Thebes her brazen Bowers;

A stronger Wall your Carthage does environ,

Whose first Foundation is laid in Iron;

And shall withstand the Envy of the Turk,

Where Heav'n-aspiring Titans are at work

With Rods of Iron to keep the Beast in awe,

And make the lawless Rebel stoop to Law.

Whose great Apollo, with mysterious Arts

Of Musick, condescends to play a part,

His hand a Scepter bears, (which does imply

Your Government) on that display'd an Eye,

With which you must look down from your high Sphere:

With Vigilance, to crown th' ensuing Year.

His Lordship vouchsafing a Bow, with a seeming Approbation of what was delivered, rides forward towards King-street; where the Foot-Marshall having placed the Assistants, Livery, and Companies on both sides the way, the Pensioners with their Targets hung on the top of their Javelins, the Ensign-Bearers in the Rear, Drums and Fifes in the Front, together with the Foyes, Budge-Batchellors, and Gentlemen-Ushers, his Lordship rides to Guild-hall, where again he is saluted by the expert Artillery-Company with three Volleys more, which concludes their Duty for that day. His Land-Attendants pass through a Lane of the Companies so planted to Guild-hall; after which, the Com-



pany repair to the Hall to Dinner, the several Silk Works and Triumphs being convey'd into ~~Grocers-Hall~~, during which time the Speakers and Children upon the Pageants refresh themselves till his Lordship has dined; whose Table, for the greater Magnificence of this Years splendour, being the first of his Reign, is honoured with the Presence of both their Majesties, the Prince and Princess of Denmark, &c.

The King's, together with the Lord Mayor's Musick, playing all the while at Dinner; the following Songs, peculiarly appropriated to the Design of the Day, and the Mystry of the Company, are sung at the several Tables.

### SONG at the Lord Mayor's Table.

**T**HE Storm is all over, a Halcyon Calm  
Has smooth'd the rough face of the Sea;  
Crown every Glass with a Garland of Palm,  
The Emblem of Victory.

Great Jove the proud Titans subdu'd in a trice,  
That we might for ever, for ever rejoice.

Chorus. Then a Health to that one whom Heav'n to the Throne  
Did in the seat of Pretenders restore:

May the Friends of the Crown be install'd with Renown,  
And his Enemies hang at the Door.

With Courage and Conduct our Caesar endow'd  
Did the Factions Bands overcome,  
Surpris'd their great Dragon, the God of the Crowd,  
And brought him a Captive home.

Great Jove has the Cyclops a Sacrifice made,  
No more on the Rights of his Throne to invade;  
Then a Health, &c.

When Steel-daring Giants made War with the Gods,  
Their Thunder the Slaves did despise;  
But when the Celestials had gotten the Odds  
Their Throne they secur'd in the Skies,  
His Friends have exalted our Jove in his Spleen,  
But the Fall of the Rebels hath settled him there.

Then a Health, &c.

## IV.

With the Wealth, and the Bounty, Of Air, Sea, and Land,  
 Shall our plentiful Tables be spread;  
 A Brimmer of Nectar in every Man's hand,  
 Such as Gods at their Banquets had.  
 From the Earth, from the Air, we will serve up the best,  
 And drain up the Ocean to furnish each Glass.  
 With a Health, &c.

## The Companies Song.

**W**ou'd you know the comely Graces  
 That adorn our earthly Dame,  
 Copper Nose and Brazen Faces  
 Are Embellishments of Shame.  
 Wou'd you know her comely Graces,  
 They more noble Virgins claim.

Praise of Iron, Weight, and Measure,  
 In due Numbers to relate,  
 Tops all Mines in Nature's Treasure  
 That are useful to a State.  
 Praise of Iron, Weight, and Measure,  
 Larger Volumes would create.

Gold and Silver in the using  
 Melts like Wax before the Sun,  
 Fertile Iron is still producing  
 A new Offspring of her own.  
 Gold and Silver in the using  
 (While this stays behind) is flown.

**City Dons** may heap up Treasure,  
 But should they expose their Flock,  
 Wolves and Tygers wou'd make Lure,  
 And wou'd soon devour the Flock.  
**City Dons** may heap up Treasure,  
 Commoner trusts Lock

**City Arms and the Portcullis**

In our Guild the Mayor installs

'Tis a Charm against the Buillies

One cold Inch his Courage kills

City Arms and the Portcullis

Keep us safer than our Walls.

**VII**

Iron Head-piece, or strong Armour,

Tho' an Horse-shoe (if well plac'd),

Will not only keep us warmer,

But more safe in it we stand

It'n Head-piece and strong Armour,

Has grim Death it self out-fac'd.

**VIII**

Woman, created by Nature

Than the Rib of which she came,

Iron Stairs reform her stature,

And will rectify her frame.

Woman, cross and crook'd by Nature,

This will set her right again.

**IX**

Loadstone does not draw the Iron,

Homage to the Flow'r to own,

Whence vast Ships the World inquire,

Which upon the Floods are drawn,

Lead-stone does not draw the Iron,

Tis the steel attracts the stone.

**X**

There's not a Mineral in Nature,

So much deserves the Diadem,

Whence all things flow by Land and Water,

And richest Ships the Ocean pass.

There's not a Mineral in Nature,

Like our Sublime mean Gem.

X.  
 From the Plowshare to the Scepter,  
 Spits and Forks and keenest Blades,  
 Adam in his Eden kept her  
 To stitch Fig-leaves in the Shades.  
 From the Needle to the Scepter,  
 She's the ancient St of all Trades.

### Third Song, to the KING.

I.  
**D**ubba-dubba-bud, Band your Ground,  
 Let the Drums make a noise, and the cheerful Trumpet sound,  
 In conqu'ring Laurel each Glafs be crown'd  
 With a Health to our Royal JAMES.  
 To your Order there, Ranks and Files,  
 Till the Bottles all vanquish'd become your noble Spoils;  
 'Tis Mars and Bacchus Boys with their Smiles  
 Victory, Victory, proclaim.  
 Tanta-ra-ra-ra to your Arms  
 The Rebels o'th West the Town alarms  
 The Mobile's up and the Country swarms  
 With a pack of Rebels and Quavers  
 Sparks who Resistance think no Crime,  
 Bold Speak, with the Polish Prince of Lime,  
 Who would be a King before his time:

From a Subject to his Slaves.  
 II.  
 Charge again my Boys, never spare;  
 It will banish all fear, and will drive away despair;  
 'Twill make's more active, and fit for War,  
 To oppose the audacious Foe.  
 In dull sobriety let 'em pine  
 And with weaker Advice, weaker Element Combine  
 Whilst we inspir'd with sprightly Wine,  
 Give the Slaves a full Overthrow.

Now



Tom Boys give fire, Charge to the right,  
The Slave dares not drink, will never fight:  
At the hungry Mortal shoot to flight,  
Who warneither Coin nor Score,  
Who are arm'd to serve our King,  
And with our Allegiance Courage bring,  
Must fight for His Rights, and drink to bring  
Him Wealth to encourage his store.

## THE KING

Bring the Cannons up t'her Round ;  
Let the Cathridges fly, and the Pounders tear the ground,  
Each Loyal Souldier with Conquest Crown'd,  
Bring a brim of Treason home,  
Make the Rebels fly, Horse and Foot;  
'Tis a Valley of Bumpers must end the hot dispute;  
Who holds out longest, stands fairest tall;  
In confusion must overcome:  
See, see they fly, the work is done,  
The day is our own, the Battle won;  
The Usurper's a Captive brought to town;  
His Neck to the Block does yield,  
So may our Foes all Heals be mend,  
Whilst we knock 'em down as they stand,  
Who fights as he drinks whilst he can stand,  
Falls a Victim in Honour's Field.

Dinner being ended; and night approaching, His Majesty attended with a Noble Guard returns to White-hall, and his Lordship attended by a private Retinue of his own Company takes Coach and is conducted to Grocers-Hall, where betaking himself to his private Recrements, those that attend him depart with Decency and Order to their respective Habitations.

## FINIS













